

PERILOUS BOATING

A New Zealand Stream That Yields a Series of Thrills.

RUNNING THE RIVER RAPIDS.

The Journey Down the Wanganui is Highly Exciting in Spots, Where the Swaying Steamer Plunges Through the Lines of Boiling Breakers.

Steamboating in New Zealand, to judge by Charles Edward Russell's account of it in the Twentieth Century Magazine, has in it more excitement than relaxation. It is a more or less nerve racking experience, not only for the anxious passengers, but for the seasoned steamer men as well.

The swift water courses that come down from the lofty backbone of the islands, are full of rapids that can keep the most skillful pilot on the anxious seat until they have been successfully "run." This is the story of such an achievement somewhere on the Wanganui river.

The captain, a sunburned and active young Scot, stands at the great wheel forward on the upper deck, whence he can see bow and stern. Two stout Maori youths sit on the forecastle; two hoar over the rudder; all are armed with long, iron shod poles that are to be objects of your anxious concern before the voyage is done.

The boat is slipping smoothly along the unruffled reach. You look up of a sudden and catch your breath. The rapid is directly in front of you, the steamer is tearing into it, and how can any vessel get through such a place? Here goes the narrow stream, roaring and singing past the rocks. You can see the bottom everywhere. It looks only an inch or two from the surface.

The whole thing pitches visibly downward. Beyond at a lower level shines the smooth, dark green surface of the next reach. The green and the silver are beautiful. The singing of the water is music, but for these you care not, for you see plainly that in another moment the boat, even now lurching suggestively, will be rolled over like a log, and you will be grasping at some boulder in the flood.

Meanwhile the captain spins the wheel back and forth like a squirrel's cage, with his gaze fixed intently upon the water just ahead, as if he read through it and scanned the stones beneath. The brown Maoris stand forward and aft, with their poles in their hands.

As the boat plunges into the first line of boiling breakers the bow sinks under you, the swift current catches the stern and slings it sidewise. A tremendous clatter arises, the boat careens and shakes as if she were falling apart, and you, standing on the upper deck and nervously holding the hand rail, give yourself up for lost, for the keel is already traveling on the rocks and gravel of the bottom.

"Now, then! Now, then!" yells the captain. The Maoris put their strength upon the poles. Just as the craft seems sliding sidewise into the bowlders that line her path she slips out through the passage into the placid green and silver of the next reach, and the captain, sounding the jingle bell, settles down to a cup of tea, holding the wheel with one hand. You could not touch bottom here with the statue of Liberty.

If I can read men better than rapids the Scot himself is not always sure how he is coming out of these tangles. Sometimes his quick, rasping orders to the Maoris have the ragged edge of anxiety, and his manner of tearing with hands and feet at the wheel indicates a considerable concern. Once I heard him mutter under his breath the national slogan: "I hae ma doots! I hae ma doots!" as we shot into a particularly abominable piece of water.

The channel, no more than wide enough for the little hull, turned sharply at the bottom of the slide, and I had something rather worse than doubt, as the boat went sidewise down, seeing what was ahead for her. If in an instant she can gather full speed ahead she can slip through; otherwise plainly she will strike her side against the reef and capsiz.

"Now, then, Jumbo," shouts the captain as he paws with one hand for the engine bell, "give it to her!" The propeller buzzes. The Maoris, with feet braced, tug at the poles. They seem to be too late. With a bang the boat hits the bank, careens, fair over and amid the startled screams of the passengers slides off into the deep water and goes safely on her way.

I conclude that that pilot must be a master of his craft. Of a score of places he is able to hit the bank at the single spot that is safe.

The Advance of Science.
We used to think that the smartest man ever born was the Connecticut Yankee who grafted white birch on red maples and grew barber poles. Now we rank that gentleman second. First place goes to an experimenter attached to the Berlin war office who has crossed carrier pigeons with parrots, so that Wilhelmstrasse can now get verbal messages through the enemy's lines.—Lippincott's.

Willing to Help.
Mr. Bacon—It is said it would take a man working eight hours a day over ninety years to count and stack a billion dollars at the rate of a dollar a second. Mrs. Bacon—Don't worry about it, dear. If you ever get it I'll promise to help you count it.—Yonkers Sun.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.—Young.



IN WASHINGTON'S TIME

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A STORY OF THE SEA.

Ghostly Message That Saved Those on Board a Sinking Ship.

Robert Dale Owen is authority for the following story:

The mate of a bark which was sailing southward across the banks of Newfoundland was in the cabin working out the vessel's course when he noticed a man sitting at the other end of the table busy writing on a slate. Thinking he was the captain, he paid no further attention, but presently, looking up from his calculation, he saw the man suddenly disappear.

Startled, he went across, picked up the slate and found written on it, "Steer to the north-west."

He called the captain. The writing was certainly not that of any of the crew, and eventually it was decided to obey the strange order. The vessel was put in a north-westerly course and a man stationed at the masthead to keep a sharp lookout.

In a few hours they sighted ice and among it, in an almost sinking condition, a big ship. They reached her just in time to save her people. Among them was a passenger whom the mate recognized as the stranger who had written the direction on the slate.

According to the other passengers, this man had been in a deep sleep or trance at the hour at which the incident had taken place.—Exchange.

Glue Tonic.

Chinese medicine developed a special fondness for fossilized "dragon bones," derived from extinct herbivora. They are also fond of "dragon teeth," as fossilized shells are called. In Shantung glue is made from asses' skins. In a certain town of that province is a well, the water of which when drunk by asses makes their skins especially good for making glue. This glue brings a fancy prize, as it is a famous tonic throughout China.—Chicago Tribune.

Modesty should be the virtue of those who possess no other.—Lichtenberg.

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Borough Mail Delivery.

Believing that some hidden influence is at work to prevent Glen Ridge from having free mail delivery, members of the North Side Association of the borough, at a special meeting appointed a committee of three to take up the question and to prosecute it as vigorously as possible.

The committee, named by President J. E. Place, consists of John W. Stewart, J. R. Bennett and Mayor David H. Standish. They will visit Senator Briggs and Representative Townsend to present the borough's claims for recognition.

During the discussion it was brought out that the borough would not tolerate anything but a separate and independent free delivery system, which, it is asserted, is entitled in view of the fact that the receipts of the postoffice have reached the required \$1000 limit.

"We are entirely within our rights," said Mr. Standish, "and we all know we can have free delivery through Montclair, but we don't want it anyway except through Glen Ridge alone, and we must stand for our rights."

"Perhaps," said George W. Wood, "we are being made to suffer through the faults of others in padding receipts."

Postmaster Poe, who had been asked to attend the meeting, declared that there had been reports from the outside that Glen Ridge did not have receipts large enough to warrant free delivery.

"Any talk of my office being padded is not so," declared Mr. Poe, "but I don't get the amount of business I ought to get. For instance, the Country Club purchases all its stamps elsewhere, and mails its letters in my office, which does not count in the receipts of my office."

Continuing, Mr. Poe pointed to the lack of interest displayed by many of the residents in the affairs of the borough and the postal card sent out for the meeting were purchased elsewhere.

Because many residents travel on the Erie railroad, which is some distance from the postoffice, Mr. Poe continued a great amount of mail goes through the New York office, and purchases of stamps are lost to the Glen Ridge office.

Horace Dumars and others admitted that such a condition of affairs existed, but as a remedy Mr. Dumars suggested that residents in the north end install a box near the Erie depot and pay some one to collect mail from the office and deliver it as well as purchase stamps.

This proposition will be considered at once as a means of keeping the business of the local office up to a high standard.

Montclair, it was suggested, might be responsible for Glen Ridge not having a free delivery, in the hope that the little borough would agree to become part of the Montclair system.

While Bloomfield's delivery system extends to Hillside avenue on the south and Essex avenue on the north within the borough, this is made necessary by the fact that when the original lines of the delivery system were drawn, Glen Ridge was a part of Bloomfield and the lines have never been changed, with the result that 140 residents are benefited.

The fact, it was explained, necessitates a great amount of extra work for the Glen Ridge office, because all letters sent to Glen Ridge for the families in the section have to be redirected and shipped back to Glen Ridge for delivery.

The committee named will, if possible, make a report to the association at its next meeting in March, but in the meantime the members of the association will send personal appeals to Senator Briggs to aid the borough.

Basketball.

The Bloomfield High School boys' team played the Hoboken Academy five last Saturday at Berkeley Court and defeated them by the score of 32-12.

Although Bloomfield had the game cinched right from the start, it was very exciting at times. Neither team scored in the first five minutes. Then Tunkin, the fast Hoboken forward, shot a basket, which was immediately followed by a shot of Cady's, a Bloomfield guard. This gave the Bloomfield team an impetus for shooting, which they quickly followed up. Bloomfield was ahead at the end of the first half, by the score of 12-4. The second half was not so fast, but the Bloomfield five kept up their scoring and the game ended with the score standing 32-12.

Hamilton's all-around good work was the feature of the game. Altogether he scored 20 of his team's points. For Hoboken Academy Tunkin and Lawrence were the stars. The line-up: Bloomfield H. S. Academy, Harris, Pindar, Cady, Tunkin, Lawrence, Hamilton, Raymer, Hemming, Cady, G. G. Cuno, H. Harris, 4; Pindar, 1; Cady, 1; Tunkin, 2; Raymond, 1; Lawrence, 2. Score at end of first half—Bloomfield High School, 12; Hoboken Academy, 4. Score at end of game—Bloomfield High School, 32; Hoboken Academy, 12. Timekeepers—Sternberger, Bloomfield High School; Du Pont, Hoboken Academy. Referee—Mr. Martin, University of Michigan. Attendance—175.

Out of the eight games played so far, the Bloomfield boys have won seven, losing the only game to the Newman school aggregation. Tonight the Park Methodist's Association will have as their opponents a team representing the First Baptist Sunday School.

Second Ward Fight.
As an outcome of a fight in Lock street, Monday night, Frank Kumin, of 304 Franklin avenue, was severely injured. His alleged assailants were held in \$500 bail by Recorder Cadmus, for grand jury action Wednesday morning.

The men accused of the assault were Stanislaus Miroski of 60 Lock street, and Constanti Kutroski and Antonio Dobicki, both of 304 Franklin avenue. The trio, it is charged, used a piece of rubber hose loaded with an iron bar to "beat up" Kumin.

After the case had been disposed of Mrs. Miroski, wife of one of Kumin's alleged assailants, preferred a charge of assault against Kumin, alleging that he kicked her. The recorder paroled Kumin in the custody of his counsel, James P. Mylod.

The arrest of Kumin's alleged assailants were made by Sergeant Baylis and Policemen Glowinski and Belf.

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